Directions
TO A
PAINTER,
OR
Describing our Naval Business in Imitation of [illegible]

Being the [illegible]

Sir JOHN DENHAM.

Whereunto is annexed

Clarindon's Housewarming,

By an Unknown Author.

Printed in the Year 1667.

Directions

A OT

PAINTER

TO

Describing our Naval Business in Imitation of Nature

Being the last Works of

Sir JOHN DE HAM

The [illegible]

Clarindon's Housewarming

By an Unknown Author

Printed in the Year 1[illegible]

Directions

TO A

PAINTER.

NAy, Painter, if thou dareſt deſign that Fight,
Which *Waller* onely Courage had to write;
If thy bold Hands can without ſhaking draw
What e'en th' Actors trembl'd at when they ſaw,
Enough to make thy Colours change like theirs,
And all thy Pencils briſtle like their Hairs.

Firſt, in fit diſtance of the proſpect Main
Paint *Allen* tilting at the Coaſt of *Spain*;
Heroick Act! and never heard till now!
Stemming of *Hercules* Pillars with the Prow!
And how he left his Ships the Hills to paſs,
And with new Sea-marks *Cales* to grace.

Next let the flaming *London* come in view,
Like *Nero*'s *Rome*, burnt to rebuild it new;
What leſſer Sacrifice than this was meet
To offer for the Safety of the Fleet?

Blow one Ship up, another thence will grow;
See what free Cities and wise Courts can do!
So some old Merchant, to insure his Name,
Marries afresh, and Courtiers share the Dame:
So whatsoe're is broke, the Servants pay't,
And Glasses are more durable than Plate.
No May-pole now, so rich a Pageant shign'd,
Nor on Barge all the Companies contain'd.

Then, Painter, draw Cerulean *Coventry*,
Keeper, or rather Chancellour o'th' Sea;
And more exactly to express his hue,
Use nothing but *Ultra-Mariniſh Blew*.
To pay his fees, the silver Trumpet spends,
And Boat-swains whistle, for his place depends.
Pilots in vain repeat their Compass o're,
Until of him they learn that one Point more.
The constant Magnet to the Pole doth hold,
Steel to the Magnet, *Covent* — to Gold.
Muſcovy sells us Pitch, and Hemp, and Tar;
Iron and Copper, *Sweden*; *Munſter*, War;
Aſhly, Prize; *Warwick*, Customs; *Carteret*, Pay;
But *Covent* — doth sell the Fleet away.

Now let our Navy stretch its Canvas Wings,
Swoln like his purse, with Tackling like his strings,
By slow degrees of the increasing gale,
First under sail, and after under sale:
Then in kind visit unto *Opdam*'s Gout,
Hedge the *Dutch* in, only to let them out.
So Huntsmen fair unto the Hares give Law,
First find them, and then civilly withdraw.
That the blind Archer, when they rake the Seas,
The *Hamborough* Convoy may betray with ease.
So, that the Fish may more securely bite,
The Angler baits the River over night.

But, Painter, now prepare t'enrich thy Piece,
Pencil of Ermins, Oyl of Ambergreece:
See where the Dutchess with triumphant Trail
Of numerous Coaches *Harwich* does assail!
So the Land Crabs at Nature's kindly Call
Down to engender to the Sea do crawl.
See then the Admiral with Navy whole
To *Harwich* through the Ocean carry Coal.
So Swallows buried in the Sea at Spring
Return to Land with Summer in their wing.
One thrifty Ferry-boat of Mother Pearl
Suffic'd of old the *Cytherean* Girl;
Yet Navies are but Fopperies when here,
A small Sea Mask, and built to court your Dear:
Three Goddesses in one, *Pallas* for Art,
Venus for Sport, but *Juno* in your Heart.
O Dutchess, if thy Nuptial Pomp was mean,
'Tis paid with Interest in thy Naval Scene.
Never did *Roman Mark* within the *Nile*
So feast the fair *Egyptian* Crocodile;
Nor the *Venetian* Duke with such a state
The *Adriatick* marry at that rate.
Now, Painter, spare thy weaker Art, forbear
To draw her parting Passions, and each Tear;
For Love, alas, hath but a short delight;
The Sea, the *Dutch*, the King, all call to fight.
She therefore the Duke's Person recommends
To *Brunk*—, *Pen*, and *Covent*—, her Friends;
To *Pen* much, *Brunk*— more, most *Covent*—,
For they she knew were all more fraid than he.
Of flying Fishes one had sav'd a Fin,
And hop'd by this he through the Air might spin:
The other thought he might avoid the Knell
By the invention of the Diving Bell;

The third had try'd it, and affirm'd a Cable
Coyld round about him, was impenitrable.
But these the Duke rejected, only chose
To keep far off, let others interpose.
Rupert, that knew no fear, but health did want,
Kept state suspended in a Chair volant;
All save his head shut in that wooden case,
He shew'd but like a broken Weather-glass;
But arm'd with the whole Lyon Cap-a-Chin,
Did represent the *Hercules* within.
Dear shall the *Dutch* his twinging anguish know,
And see what Valour whet with pain can do.
Curst in the mean time be that treach'rous *Jael*,
That through his princely Temples drove the Nail.
Rupert resolv'd to fight it like a Lyon,
And *Sandwich* hop'd to fight it like *Arion*;
He to prolong his Life in the dispute,
And charm the *Holland Pirates*, tun'd his Lute,
Till some judicious *Dolphin* might approach,
And land him safe and sound as any Roach.

Now, Painter, re-assume thy Pencils care,
Thou hast but skirmish'd yet, now fight prepare:
And draw the Battel terrible to show,
As the last Judgment was to *Angelo*.

First, let our Navy scour through silver froth,
The Ocean's burthen, and the Kingdoms both;
Whose very bulk may represent its birth,
From *Hide* and *Past*--- burthens of the Earth;
Hide, whose transcendent panch so swells of late,
That he the Rupture seems of Law and State;
Past--- whose belly bears more Millions
Than *Indian Carracks*, and contains more Tuns.
Let shoals of Porpoises on every side
Wonder in swiming by our Oaks out-vy'd;

And the Sea-Fowl all gaze, t' behold a thing
So vaſt, more ſwift and ſtrong than they of wing.
But yet preſaging Gorge they keep in ſight,
And follow for the Reliques of a fight.
Then let the *Dutch* with well-diſſembled fear,
Or bold deſpair, more than we with, draw near:
At which our Gallants, to the Sea but tender,
And more to fight, their eaſie Stomachs render,
With breſts ſo panting, that at ev'ry ſtroke
You might have felt their Hearts beat through the Oak:
While one concerned in the interval
Of ſtraining choller, thus did vent his Gall:

Noah *be damn'd! and all his Race accurſt,*
Who in Sea-brine did pickle Timber firſt!
What though he planted Vines, he Pines cut down,
He taught us how to drink, and how to drown:
He firſt built Ships, and in his Wooden Wall,
Saving but eight, e're ſince endanger'd all.
And thou Dutch Necromantick Fryar, *be damn'd,*
And in thine own firſt Mortar-piece be ram'd!
Who firſt invented Cannon in thy Cell,
Nitre from Earth, and Brimſtone fetcht from Hell.
But damn'd, and treble damn'd be Clarendine,
Our ſeventh Edward, *with all his Houſe and Line!*
Who to divert the danger of the War
With Briſtol, *hounds us on the* Hollander:
Fool coa'ed Gownman! ſells, to fight with Hance,
Dunkirk; *diſmantling* Scotland, *quarrels* France:
And hopes he now hath buſineſs ſhap'd, and power
T' out laſt our Lives, or his, and ſcape the Tower:
And that he yet may ſee, e're he go down,
His dear Clarinda *circled in a Crown.*

By this time both the Fleets in reach diſpute,
And each the other mortally ſalute:

Draw

Draw pensive *Neptune* biting of his *Thumbs*,
To think himself a *Slave*, whoe' er o'ercomes.
The frighted *Nymphs* retreating to their Rocks.
Beating their blew Breasts, tearing their green Locks.
Paint *Eccho* slain, onely th' alternate sound
From the repeating Cannon doth rebound.
Opdam sails placed on his Naval Throne,
Assuming Courage greater than his own;
Makes to the Duke, and threatens him from far,
To nail him to his Boards, like a Perar;
But in the vain attempt, took fire too soon,
And flies up in his ship to catch the Moon.
Mounsieurs like Rockets mount aloft, and crack
In thousand sparks, then dancingly fall back.
Yet ere this happen'd, Destinly allow'd
Him his revenge, to make his death more proud;
A fatal Bullet from his side did range,
And batter'd *Lawson*: Oh too dear exchange!
He led our Fleet that day too short a space,
But lost his knee: since dy'd in Glory's Race:
Lawson! whose Valour beyond Fate did go,
And still fights *Opdam* in the Lake below.
The Duke himself, tho *Pen* did not forget,
Yet was not out of dangers random set.
Falmouth was there, I know not what to act;
Some say 'twas to grow Duke too, by contract:
An untaught Bullet in its wanton scope,
Dashes *Him* all to pieces, and his *Hope*.
Such was his rise, such was his fall, unprais'd;
A chance-shot sooner took him than *Chance* rais'd:
His shatter'd Head the fearless Duke distains,
And gave the last first-proof that he had brains.
Bartlet had heard it soon, and thought not good
To venture more of Royal *Harding*'s Blood:

To

To be immortal he was not of age,
And did ev'n now the *Indian Prize* presage;
And judg'd it safe and decent, cost what cost,
To lose the day, *since his dear Brother's lost*:
With his whole Squadron straight away he bore,
And like good Boy, promis'd to fight no more.
The *Dutch Auravea* careless, at us sailed,
And promised to do what *Opdam* failed;
Smith to the Duke doth intercept her way.
And cleaves t'her closer than a *Remora*:
The Captain wonder'd and withal disdain'd,
So strongly by a thing so small, detain'd,
And in a raging brav'ry to him runs,
They stab their ships with one anothers Guns:
They fight so near, it seems to be on ground,
And ev'n the *Bullets* meeting, *Bullets* wound.
The noise, the smoak, the fire, the sweat, the blood,
Is not to be expresst, nor understood.
Each Captain from his quarter-deck commands,
They wave their bright Swords glittering in their hands.
All Luxury of War, all man can do,
In a *Sea-fight*, did pass between them two:
But one must conquer, whosoever fight,
Smith takes the Gyant, and is made a Knight.
Marlbrough that knew, and durst do more than all,
Falls undistinguisht by an Iron-Ball:
Dear Lord! but born under a Star ingrate!
No Soul more clear, nor no more gloomy fate!
Who would set up Wars Trade that means to thrive?
Death picks the *Valiant* out, *Cowards* survive:
What *the Brave* merit, th' *Impudent* do vaunt,
And none's rewarded but the Sycophant:
Hence all his Life he against *Fortune* fenc'd,
Or not well known, or not well recompenc'd:

But

But Envy not this praiſe t'his memory,
None more prepar'd was, or leſs fit to die.
Rupert did others and himſelf excell;
Holms, *Tydiman*, *Minns*, bravely *Sanſon* fell.
What others did let none omitted blame,
I ſhall record whoe're brings in his Name.
But unleſs after ſtories diſagree,
Nine onely came to fight, the reſt to ſee.
Now all conſpire unto the *Dutchman*'s loſs;
The Wind, the Fire, We, They themſelves do croſs.
When a ſweet ſleep began the Duke to drown,
And with ſoft Diadems his Temples crown:
And firſt he orders all the reſt to watch,
And they the Foe, whileſt he a Nap doth catch:
But lo, *Brunk*— by a ſecret inſtinct
Slept not, nor needed, he all day had winkt.
The Duke in bed, he then firſt draws his Steel,
Whoſe vertue makes the miſled Compaſs wheel.
So e're he wak'd both Fleets were innocent;
And *Brunk*—Member is of Parliament.
And now (dear Painter) after pains, like thoſe,
'Twere time that I and thou too do repoſe.
But all our Navy ſcap'd ſo ſound of limb,
That a ſhort ſpace ſerv'd to refreſh and trim:
And a tame Fleet of theirs doth Convoy want,
Laden with both the *Indies* and *Levant*.
Paint this one Scene more, the World's our own,
And *Halcyon Sandwich* doth command alone.
To *Bergen* we with confidence made haſte,
And th' ſecret ſpoils by hope already taſte.
Though *Clifford* in the Character appear
Of *Supra Cargo* to our Fleet and their;
Wearing a Signet ready to clap on,
And ſeize all for his Maſter *Arling*——

Ruyter

Ruyter, whose little Squadron skimm'd the Seas,
And wasted our remotest Colonies,
With Ships all foul return'd upon our way;
Sandwich would not disperse, nor yet delay;
And therefore like Commander grave and wise,
To scape his sight and fight shut both his eyes;
And for more state and sureness, *Cuttens* true
The left Eye closeth, the right *Montague*;
And even *Clifford* proffer'd in his zeal
To make all safe, t'apply to both his Seal.
Ulysses so, till Syrens he had past,
Would by his Mates be pinion'd to the Mast.
Now can our Navy view the wished Port,
But there (to see the fortune!) was a Fort:
Sandwich would not be beaten, nor yet beat;
Fools onely fight, the Prudent use to treat.
His Coulin *Mountague* by Court disaster
Dwindled into the Wooden Horse's Master;
To speak of Peace seem'd amongst all most proper,
Had *Talbot* then treated of nought but Copper.
O what are Forts when void of Ammunition!
With Friends or Foes what would we more condition?
Yet we three days, till the *Dutch* furnish'd all,
Men, Powder, Money, Cannon, —— treat with Wall!
Then *Tydiman*, finding the *Danes* would not,
Sent in six Captains bravely to be shot.
And *Montague*, though dress't like any Bride,
And aboard him too, yet was reach'd and died:
Sad was the chance, and yet a deeper Care
Wrinkled his Membrane under Forehead fair.
The *Dutch Armado* yet had th'impudence
To put to Sea, to wait their Merchants thence;
For as if all their Ships of Walnut were,
The more we beat them, still the more they bear.

But

But a good Pilot and a favouring Wind
Brought *Sandwich* back, and once again did blind.
Now (gentle Painter) e're we leap on shore,
With thy last strokes ruffle a Tempest o're;
As if in our reproach the Wind and Seas
Would undertake the *Dutch*, while we take ease:
The Seas the spoils within our Hatches throw,
The Winds both Fleets into our mouths do blow:
Strew all their Ships along the Shore by ours,
As eas'ly to be gather'd up as Flow'rs.
But *Sandwich* fears for Merchants to mistake
A Man of War, and among Flow'rs a Snake.
Two *Indian* Ships pregnant with Eastern Pearl
And Diamonds, fate th'Officers and Earl:
Then warning of our Fleet, he it divides
Into the Ports, and so to *Oxford* rides.
Meanwhile the *Dutch* uniting to our shames,
Ride all insulting o're the *Downs* and *Thames*;
Now treating *Sandwich* seems the fittest choice
For *Spain*, there to condole and to rejoyce:
He meets the *French*, but to avoid all harms
Slips to the *Groyn*: *Embassies bear no Arms.*
There let him languish a long Quarantain,
And ne'r to *England* come till he be clean.
Thus having fought, we know not why as yet,
We've done we know not what, nor what we get.
If to espouse the Ocean all this pains,
Princes unite, and do forbid the Banes.
If to discharge Phanaticks, this makes more,
For all Phanaticks are when they are poor.
Or if the House of Commons to repay,
Their Prize-Commissions are transferr'd away.
But for triumphant Check-stones if, and shell
For Dutchess Closet, 't hath succeeded well.

If to make Parliaments as odious pass,
Or to reserve a standing Force, alas!
Or if, as just, *Orange* to re-instate,
Instead of that he is regenerate:
And with four Millions vainly given as spent,
And with five Millions more of detriment,
Our summ amounts yet onely to have won
A Bastard *Orange* for Pimp *Arling*—

Now may Historians argue *con* and *pro*,
Denham says thus, though always *Waller* so:
And he, good man, in his long sheet and staff,
This Penance did for *Cromwell*'s Epitaph:
And his next Theme must be o'th' Dukes Mistress,
Advice to draw Madam *l'Edificatress*:

Henceforth, O *Gemini*, two Dukes command,
Castor and *Pollux*, *Aumarle* and *Cumberland*.
Since in one Ship it had been fit they'd went
In *Petty*'s double-keel'd Experiment.

To the King.

IMperial Prince! King of the Seas and Isles!
Dear Object of our Joy and Heav'ns Smiles!
What boots it that thy Light doth gild our days,
And we lie basking in thy milder Rays;
While Swarms of Insects from thy warmth begun
Our Land devour, and intercept our Sun?
Thou (like Jove's Minos) *rulest a greater* Creet,
And for its hundred Cities count'st thy Fleet.
Why wilt thou that Staire-Dædalus *allow,*
Who builds thee but a Lab'rinth and a Cow?
If thou art Minos, *be a Judge severe,*
And in's own Maze confine the Engineer.
O may our Sun, since he too nigh presumes,
Melt the soft Wax wherewith he imps his Plumes!
And may he falling leave his hated Name
Unto those Seas his War hath set on flame!
From that Inchanter having clear'd thine Eyes,
Thy native Sight will pierce within the Skies,
And view those Kingdoms calm with Joy and Light,
Where's universal Triumph, but no Fight.
Since both from Heav'n thy Race and Pow'r descend,
Rule by its patern there to reascend.
Let Justice onely awe, and Battel cease:
Kings are but Cards in War, they're Gods in Peace.

Directions
TO A
PAINTER.

Sandwich in *Spain* now, and the Duke in love;
Let's with new Gen'rals a new Painter prove.
Lilly's a *Dutchman*, danger's in his Art,
His Pencils may Intelligence impart.
Thou *Gibson*, that amongst the Navy small
Of Muscle-shells commandest Admiral,
Thy self so slender, that thou shew'st no more
Than Barnacle new hatch'd of them before:
Come mix thy Water-colours, and express
Drawing in little what we yet do less.

First, paint me *George* and *Rupert* rattling far
Both in one Box, like the two Dice of War;
And let the terror of their linked Name
Fly through the Air like Chainshot, tearing Fame.
Jove in one Cloud did scarcely ever wrap
Lightning so fierce, but never such a Clap.

United Gen'rals ſure are th' only ſpell
Wherewith United Provinces to quell:
Alas, even they, though ſhell'd in treble Oak,
Will prove an Addle Egg, with double Yolk.
And therefore next uncouple either Hound,
And Loo them at two Hares ere one be found:
Rupert to *Beaufort*; hallow! ah there *Rupert*!
Like the phantaſtick hunting of S. *Hubert*,
When he with airy Hounds, and Horn of Air,
Purſues by *Fountain bleau* the witchy Hare.
Deep providence of State! that could ſo ſoon
Fight *Beaufort* here, ere he had quit *Toloon*.
So have I ſeen, ere Humane Quarrels riſe,
Fore-boding Meteors combate in the Skies.
But let the Prince to fight with Rumour go,
The Gen'ral meets a more ſubſtantial Foe:
Ruyter he ſpies, and full of youthful heat,
Though half their number, thinks the odds too great.
The Fowler watching ſo his watry ſpot,
And more the Fowl, hopes for the better ſhot.
Though ſuch a Limb was from his Navy torn,
He found no weakneſs yet, like *Sampſon* ſhorn;
But ſwoln with ſence of former Glory won,
Thought *Monk* muſt be by *Albemarle* out-done:
Little he knew with the ſame Arm and Sword,
How far the Gentleman out-cuts the Lord.
Ruyter, inferiour unto none for Heart,
Superiour now in number and in Art;
Ask'd if he thought, as once our Rebel Nation,
To conquer *Theirs* too, with a Declaration?
And threaten, though he now ſo proudly ſail,
He ſhall tread back his *Iter Boreale*:
This ſaid, he the ſhort period, ere it ends,
With Iron-Words from Brazen-Mouths extends:

Monk

Monk yet prevents him, ere the Navies meet,
And charges in himself alone a Fleet;
And with so quick and frequent motion wound
His murthering sides about, the Ship seem'd round;
And the Exchanges of his Circling Fire,
Like whirling Hoops, shew'd of triumphant Fire.
Single he doth at their whole Navy aim,
And shoots them through a Porcupine of Flame.
In noise so regular his Cannons met,
You'd think that Thunder was to Musick set:
Ah had the rest but kept a time as true,
What Age could such a Martial Consort shew!
The listning Air unto the distant shore,
Through secret Pipes conveys the tuned rore;
Till as the Eccho's, vanishing, abate,
Men feel a dead sound like the pulse of State.
If Fate expire, let *Monk* her place supply,
His Guns determine who shall live or dye.
But *Victory* doth always hate a Rant;
Valour's her *Brave*, but *Skill* is her *Gallant*:
Ruyter no less with vertuous envy burns,
And Prodigies for Miracles returns:
Yet he observ'd how still his Iron-Balls
Recoil'd in vain against our Oaken-Walls;
How the hard Pellets fell away as dead,
By our inchanted Timber fillipped.
Leave then, said he, th' invulnerable Keel,
We'll find they're feeble, like *Achilles* Heel:
He quickly taught, pours in continual Clouds
Of chain'd Dilemma's through our sinew'd Shrouds.
Forrests of Masts fall with their rude embrace,
Our stiff Sails mashat, and netted into Lace;
Till our whole Navy lay their wanton mark,
Nor any ship could sail but as the Ark.

Shot in the wing, ſo at the Powder's call,
The diſappointed Bird doth flutt'ring fall,
Yet *Monk* diſabled, ſtill ſuch courage ſhows,
That none into his Mortal gripe dare cloſe:
So an old Buſtard, maim'd yet loath to yield,
Duels the Fowler in *New-Market* field.
But ſince he found it was in vain to fight,
He imps his plumes the beſt he can for flight.
This, Painter, were a Noble Task to tell,
What indignation his Great Breſt did ſwell!
Not Vertuous Men unworthily abus'd,
Not Conſtant Lover without cauſe refus'd,
Not honeſt Merchant broke, nor skilful Player
Hiſt of the Stage, nor Sinners in deſpair;
Not Parents mockt, not Favorites diſgrac'd,
Not Rump by Monk *or* Oliver *diſplac'd,*
Not Kings depos'd, nor Prelates ere they die,
Feel half the Rage of Generals when they Fly,
Ah rather than tranſmit th' ſtory to Fame,
Draw Curtains, Gentle Artiſt, o'er the ſhame:
Caſhier the memory of *Dutell*, rais'd up
To taſte, inſtead of Death, his Highneſs Cup:
And if the thing were true, yet paint it not,
How *Bartlet*, as he long deſerv'd, was ſhot;
Though others, that ſurvey'd the Corps ſo clear,
Said he was onely petrifi'd for fear:
If ſo, th' hard Statue Mummi'd without Gum,
Might the Dutch Balm have ſpar'd, & Engliſh Tomb.
Yet if thou wilt, paint *MINNS* turn'd all to Soul,
And the Great *HARMAN* charkt almoſt to Coal;
And *JORDAIN* old, worthy thy Pencils pain,
Who all the while held up the Ducal Train:
But in a dark Cloud cover *Askew*, when
He quit the *Prince* to embarque in *Locuſtein*;

And

And wounded Ships, which we immortal boast,
Now first led captive to an Hostile Coast.
But most with story of his Hand and Thumb.
Conceal (as Honour would) his Grace's Bum,
When the rude Bullet a large Collop-tore
Out of that Buttock never turn'd before:
Fortune (it seems) would give him by that Lash,
Gentle correction for his fight so rash.
But should the Rump perceive't, they'd say that *Mars*
Had now reveng'd them upon *Lamarle*'s Arse.
The long disaster better o'er to vail,
Paint onely *Jonas* three days in the Whale;
For no less time did conqu'ring *Ruyter* chaw
Our flying Gen'ral in his spurgy Jaw.
Then draw the youthful *Perseus* all in haste,
From a Sea-Beast to free the Virgin chaste;
But neither riding *Pegasus* for speed,
Nor with the *Gorgon* shielded at his need:
So *Rupert* the Sea-Dragon did invade,
But to save *George* himself, and not the Maid;
And though arriving late, he quickly mist
Ev'n Sails to fly, unable to resist.
Not *Greenland* Seamen that survive the fright
Of the cold Chaos, and half eternal Night,
So gladly the returning Sun adore,
Or run to spy the next years Fleet from shore;
Hoping yet once within the Oyly side
Of the fat Whale, again their Spears to hide:
As our glad Fleet, with universal shout,
Salute the Prince, and wish the second bout.
Nor Winds, long pris'ners in Earth's hollow vault,
The fallow Seas so eagerly assault;
As fiery *RUPERT*, with revengeful Joy,
Doth on the *Dutch* his hungry Courage cloy;

But ſoon unrigg'd lay like a uſeleſs Board;
As wounded in the Wriſt men drop their Sword.
When a propitious Cloud between us ſtept,
And in our aid did *Rupert* intercept.
Old *Homer* yet did never introduce,
To ſave his *Here's*, Miſts of better uſe.
Worſhip the Sun, who dwell where he doth riſe;
This Miſt doth more deſerve our Sacrifice.
Now joyful Fires, and the exalted Bell,
And Court Gazets, our empty Triumphs tell.
Alas, the time draws near, when overturn'd
The lying Bells ſhall through the Tongues be burn'd,
Paper ſhall want to print that Lie of State,
And our falſe Fires true Fires ſhall expiate.
Stay, Painter, here awhile, and I will ſtay,
Nor vex the future times with my Survey:
Seeſt not the Monky Dutcheſs all undreſt?
Paint thou but her, and ſhe will paint the reſt.
This ſad Tale found her in her outward Room,
Nailing up Hangings not of *Perſian* Loom.
Like chaſte *Penelope*, that ne'er did rome,
But made all fine againſt her *George* came home:
Upon a Ladder, in her Coats much ſhorter,
She ſtood with Groom and Coachman for Supporter;
And careleſs what they ſaw or what they thought,
With *Honi penſe* full honeſtly ſhe wrought:
One Tenter drove, to loſe no time nor place,
At once the Ladder they remove, and Grace.
Whil'ſt thus they her tranſlate from North to Eaſt,
In poſture juſt of a four-footed Beaſt,
She heard the News; but alter'd yet no more,
Than that which was behind ſhe turn'd before;
Nor would come down, but with an Handkercher,
Which Pocket foul did to her Neck prefer,

She shed no tears, for she was too Viraginous,
But onely snuffling her Trunk Cartilaginous,
From scaling Ladder she began a story,
Worthy to be had in *Memento mori*;
Arraigning past, and present, and *futuri*,
With a Prophetick, if not Friendly fury;
Her Hair began to creep, her Belly sound,
Her Eyes to sparkle, and her Udder bound;
Half Witch, half Prophet, thus the *Albemarl*
Like Presbyterian *Sybil* 'gan to snarl.
Traytors both to my Lord and to the King!
Nay now it is beyond all suffering!
One Valiant Man by Land, and he must be
Commanded out to stop their Leaks at Sea:
Yet send him *Rupert* as an Helper meet,
First the Command dividing, then the Fleet.
One may if they be beat, or both be hit;
Or if they overcome, yet Honour's split.
But reck'ning *George* already knock'd i'th' head,
They cut him out like Beef ere he be dead;
Each for a Quarter hopes, the first doth skip,
But shall fall short, though at the Gen'rals hip,
Next they for *Master of the Horse* agree,
A third the *Cockpit* begs, not any me.
But they shall know, ay marry shall they do,
That who the *Cockpit* hath shall have me too.
I told *George* first, as *Calamy* told me,
If the King brought these o'er, how it would be:
Men that there pick his pocket to his face,
And sell Intelligence to buy a Place;
That their Religion's pawn'd for Clothes, nor care
('Tis run so long now) to redeem't, nor dare.
O what egregious Loyalty to cheat!
O what Fidelity it was to eat!

Whilſt *Langdales*, *Hoptons*, *Glenhams* ſtarv'd abroad
And here true Roy'liſts ſink beneath their load.
Men that did there affront, defame, betray
The King, and ſo do here; now who but they!
What! ſay I Men! nay rather Monſters; Men
Onely in Bed, nor to my knowledge then,
See how they home return'd in Revel Rout,
With the ſmall manners that the firſt went out:
Not better grown, nor wiſer all the while,
Renew the cauſes of their firſt Exile:
As if, to ſhew the Fool what 'tis I mean,
I choſe a foul Smock, when I might have clean.
  Firſt they for fear disband the Army tame,
And leave Good *George* a Gen'rals empty Name;
Then Biſhops muſt revive, and all unfix
With Diſcontents, to content Twenty Six:
The Lords Houſe drains the Houſes of the Lord,
For Biſhops Voices ſilencing the Word:
O *Barthol'mew!* Saint of their Kalendar!
What's worſe, th' *Ejection* or the *Maſſacre*?
Then *Culpepper*, *Gloſter*, and th' *Princeſs* dy'd;
Nothing can live that interupts an *Hide*.
O more than humane *GLOSTER*! Fate did ſhew
Thee but to Earth and back again withdrew.
Then the fat Scrivener doth begin to think
'Twas time to mix the Royal Blood with Ink.
Barkley that ſwore as oft as he had Toes,
Doth kneeling now her chaſtity depoſe;
Juſt as the firſt *French Card'nal* could reſtore
Maidenhead to his Widdow, Niece, and Whore.
For Portion, if ſhe ſhould prove light when weigh'd,
Four *Millions* ſhall within three years be paid;
To raiſe it, we muſt have a *Naval War*,
As if 'twere nothing but *Tara-Tan-Tar*:

Abroad all Princes disobliging first,
At home all parties but the very worst.
To tell of *Ireland*, *Scotland*, *Dunkirk*'s sad;
Or the Kings marriage: but he thinks I'm mad;
And sweeter Creature never saw the Sun,
If we the *King* wish *Monk*, or *Queen* a *Nun*.
But a Dutch War *shall all these rumours still*,
Bleed out these Humours, *and our Purses* fill;
Yet after four days *Fight* they clearly saw
'Twas to much danger for a Son-in-Law:
Hire him to leave, for *six score thousand pound*:
So with the King, Drums Men for sleep compound.
But modest *Sandwich* thought it might agree
With the State Prudence, to do less the He:
And to excuse their time rousness and sloth,
They found how *George* might now *be less than both.*
First *Smith* must for *Legorn*, with force enough,
To venture back again, but not go through:
Beufort is there, and to their dazling Eyes
The distance more the Object magnifies;
Yet this they gain, that *Smith* his time should lose,
And for my Duke too, cannot interpose.
But fearing that our *Navy*, *George* to break,
Might yet not be sufficiently weak;
The Secretary, that had never yet
Intelligence but from his own Gazzet,
Discovers a great secret, *fit to sell*,
And pays himself for't e're *he would it tell*;
Beufort is in the Channel; Hixy here!
Doxy *Thoulon*! *Beaufort* is ev'ry where.
Herewith assembling the supreme Divan,
Where enters none but Divil, *NED*, and *NAN*;
And upon this pretence they straight design'd
The *Fleet* to sep'rate, and the *World* to blind:

Monk

Monk to the *Dutch*, and *Rupert* (here the *Wench*
Could not but ſmile) is deſtin'd to the *French*,
To write the Order, *Briſtol*'s Clerk is choſe,
One ſlit in's Pen the other in his Noſe;
For he firſt brought the News, it is his place;
He'll ſee the *Fleet* divided like his Face,
And through the cranny in his griſly part,
To the *Dutch Chink Intelligence* impart.
The Plot ſucceeds: the *Dutch* in haſte prepar'd,
And Poor peel-Garlick *George*'s Arſe they ſhar'd;
And then preſuming of his certain wrack,
To help him late, they ſent for *Rupert* back,
Officious *Will* ſeem'd fitteſt, as afraid
Leſt *George* ſhould look too far into his trade.
At the firſt draught they pauſe with States-men's care,
They write it foul, then copy it as fair;
And then compare them, when at laſt it's ſign'd,
Will ſoon his Purſe-ſtrings, but no ſeal could find.
At night he ſends it by the common Poſt,
To ſave the King of an Expreſs the coſt.
Lord, what adoe to pack one letter hence;
Some Patents paſs with leſs circumference.

Well *George*, in ſpite of them thou ſafe doſt ride,
Leſten'd I hope in nought but thy back-ſide;
For as to Reputation, this retreat
Of thine exceeds their Victories ſo great:
Nor ſhalt thou ſtir from thence, by my conſent,
Till thou haſt made the *Dutch* and *Them* repent.
'Tis true, I want, ſo long the Nuptial Gift,
But as I oft have done, I'll make a *Shift*;
Nor will I with vain pomp accoſt the ſhore,
To try thy valour at *the Buoy i'th' Nore*.
Fall to thy work there, *George*, as I do here;
Cheriſh the Valiant up, Cowards caſhier:

See that the Men have Pay, and Beef, and Beer,
Find out the Cheats of the four *Millioneer.*
Out of the very *Beer*, they *sell* the *Malt*;
Powder of Powder, from powder'd Beef the *Salt.*
Put thy hand to the Tub; instead of *Oxe*,
They victual with *French Pork* that hath the Pox.
Never such Cotqueans by small Arts to wring,
Never such ill Huswives in the managing!
Pursers at Sea know fewer Cheats than they,
Mariners on shore less madly spend their pay.
See that thou hast new Sails thy self and spoil
All their Sea-market, and their *Cable Coyl.*
Look *that good Chaplains* on each ship do *wait*,
Nor the Sea-Dioceſs be impropriate:
Look to the ſick and wounded Priſ'ners; all
Is prize; they rob even *the Hoſpital.*
Recover back the Prizes too; in vain
We fight, if all be *taken* that is *ta'en.*

Now by our Coaſt the *Dutchmen, like a Flight*
Of feeding Ducks, ev'ning and morning light;
How our *Land Hectors* tremble, void of ſenſe,
As if *they* came ſtrait to tranſport *them* hence:
Some Sheep are ſtoln; the Kingdom's all array'd,
And ev'n *Presbyters now call'd out for aid.*
They wiſh ev'n *George* divided to command,
One half of Him at Sea, th' other on Land.

What's that I ſee! Ah 'tis my *George* agen!
It ſeems they in ſev'n weeks have Rigg'd him then.
The curious Heav'ns with Lightning him ſurrounds,
To veiw him, and his Name in *Thunder* ſounds.
But with the ſame ſwift goes. Their Navy's near:
So ere we hunt, the Keeper ſhoots the Deer.
Stay Heav'n a while, and thou ſhalt ſee him ſail,
And *George* too, he can thunder, lighten, hail.

Happy

Happy the time that I e're wedded *George*,
The Sword of *England*, and the *Holland* Scourge.
Avaunt *Rotterdam*-Dog, *Ruyter* avaunt,
Thou Water-Rat, thou Shark, thou Cormorant.
I'll teach thee to shoot Scissers: I'll repair
Each Rope thou loosest, *George* out of this Hair.
'Tis strong and course enough; I'll hem this shift,
Ere thou shalt lack a Sail, and lie adrift:
Bring home the old ones; *I again will sew*,
And darn them up, to be as good as new.
What twice disabled! Never such a thing!
Now *Soveraign* help him that brought in the *King*.
Guard thy Posteriors, *George*, ere all be gone;
Though Jury-Masts, thou'st Jury-Buttocks none.
Courage! How bravely (whet with this disgrace)
He turns, and Bullets spits in *Ruyters* face!
They fly, they fly, their Fleet doth now divide,
But they discard their *Trump*: our *Trump* is *Hide*.
Where are you now, *De Ruyter*, with your Bears?
See where your Merchants burn about your Ears.
Fire out the Wasps, *George*, from the hollow Trees,
Cramm'd with the Honey of our English Bees,
Ah now they're paid for *Guinney*: ere they steer
To the Gold Coast, they find it hotter here.
Turn all your ships to stoves ere you set forth,
To warm your Traffique in the frozen North.
Ah *Sandwich*! had thy Conduct been the same,
Bergon had seen a less but richer Flame;
Not *Ruyter* liv'd new Battel to repeat,
And oftner beaten be, than we can beat,
Scarce had *George* leisure, after all his pain,
To tie his Breeches; *Ruyter*'s out again:
Thrice in one year! Why sure this Man is wood;
Beat him like stock-fish, or he'd ne're be good.

I see them both again prepare to try;
They first shoot through each other with the Eye.
Then—But the Ruling Providence that must
With humane Projects play, as wind with dust,
Raises a storm. So Constables a fray
Knock down; and send them both well cuff'd away.
Plant now *New England* Firs in English Oak,
Build your Ships Ribs proof to the Cannon-stroke:
To get a Fleet to Sea, exhaust the Land;
Let longing Princes pine for the Command:
Strong March-panes! Wafers light! so thin a puff
Of angry air can ruine all that Huff:
So Champions having shar'd the Lists and Sun.
The Judge throws down's Award, and they have done.

For shame come home, *George*; 'tis for thee too *much*
To fight at once *with Heaven and the Dutch.*

Woes me! what see I next! alas, the fate
I see of *England*, and its utmost date.
Those Flames of *theirs* at *which* we fondly smile,
Kindle like *Torches* our *Sepulchral Pile.*
War, Fire, and Plague against us all conspire;
We the *War*, God the *Plague*, who rais'd the *Fire*?
See *how* Men all like *Ghosts*, while *London* burns,
Wander, and *each* over *his* Ashes mourns!
Curs'd be the *Man that first begat this War*,
In an ill *hour* under a blazing Star.
For *others* sport two Nations fight a Prize;
Between them both, Religion wounded dies.

So of first Troy, the angry Gods unpaid,
Raz'd the Foundations which themselves had laid.

Welcom,

Welcom, though late, dear *George*; here hadst thou bin,
We'd scap'd; (let *Rupert* bring the Navy in.)
Thou still must help them out when in the Mire;
Gen'ral at Land, at Plague, at Sea, at Fire.
Now thou art gone see *Beaufort* dares approach,
And our Fleet's Angling as to catch a *Roach*

Gibson *Farewell, till next we put to Sea:*
Truth is, thou'st drawn her in Effigie.

To

To the King.

GReat Prince! and ſo much greater as more wiſe!
Sweet as our Life, and dearer than our Eyes!
What Servants will conceal, and Counſils ſpare
To tell, the Painter and the Poet dare;
And the aſſiſtance of an Heav'nly Muſe
And Pencil, repreſent the Crimes abſtruſe.
Here needs no Fleet, no Sword, no forein Foe;
Onely let Vice be damn'd and Juſtice flow.
Shake but (like Jove*) thy Locks Divine, and frown,*
Thy Scepter will ſuffice to guard thy Crown.
Hark to Caſſandra's *Song, ere Fate deſtroy*
By thine own Navy's Woodden Horſe thy Troy.
As our Apollo, *from the Tumults wave*
And gentle Calms, though but in Oars, will ſave.
So Philomel *her ſad Embroidery ſtrung,*
And vocal Silks tun'd with her Needles Tongue.
The Pictures, dumb in Colours loud reveal'd
The Tragedies of Courts ſo long conceal'd;
But when reſtor'd to Voice inclos'd with Wings,
To Woods and Groves what once the Painter ſings.

To the King.

Directions

TO A

PAINTER.

DRaw *England* ruin'd by what was giv'n before,
Then draw the Commons slow in giving more:
Too late grown wiser, they their treasure see
Consum'd by fraud, or lost by treachery;
And vainly now would some account receive
Of those vast sums which they so idly gave,
And trusted to the management of such
As *Dunkirk* sold, to make War with the Dutch;
Dunkirk, design'd once to a Nobler Use,
Than to erect a petty Lawyers House.
But what account could they from those expect,
Who to grow rich themselves, the State neglect;

Men who in *England* have no other Lot,
Than what they by betraying it have got;
Who can pretend to nothing but Disgrace,
Where either Birth or Merit find a place.
Yet draw those Causers of the Kingdoms woe,
Still urging dangers from our growing Foe,
Mean while they cheat the Publick with such haste,
They will have nothing that may ease it, past.
The Law 'gainst Irish Cattel they condemn,
As shewing distrust o' th' King, that is, of them.
Yet they must now swallow this bitter Pill,
Or Money want, which were the greater ill.
With these new Millions might we not expect
Our Foes to vanquish, or our selves protect.
If not to beat them off usurped Seas,
At least to force an honourable Peace?
But though the angry fate, or folly rather,
Of our perverted State, allow us neither;
Could we hope less than to defend our Shores,
Than guard our Harbours, Forts our Ships and Stores?
We hop'd in vain: Of these, remaining are,
Not what we sav'd, but what the Dutch did spare.
Such was our Rulers generous stratagem;
A policy worthy of none but them.
Or if from that they any thing can spare,
It is to buy Peace, not maintain a War:
For which great work Embassadors must go
With bare submissions to our arming foe:
Thus leaving a defenceless *State* behind,
Vast Fleets preparing by the *Belgians* find;
Against whose fury what can us defend,
Whilst our great Politicians here depend
Upon the Dutch good Nature: *For when Peace*
(Say they) *is making, War must cease.*

Thus

Thus were we by the name of *Truce* betray'd,
Though by the Dutch nothing like it was made.
Here, Painter, let thine Art describe a story
Shaming our warlike Islands antient Glory:
A scene which never on our Seas appear'd,
Since our first Ships were on the Ocean steer'd;
Make the Dutch Fleet, while we supinely sleep,
Without opposers, Masters of the Deep:
Make them securely the *Thames* mouth invade,
At once depriving us of that and Trade:
Draw Tunder from their floating Castles, sent
Against our Forts, weak as our Government:
Draw *Woollage*, *Deptford*, *London*, and the *Tower*,
Meanly abandon'd to a forreign Power.
Yet turn their first attempt another way,
And let their Cannons upon *Sheerness* play;
Which soon destroy'd, their lofty Vessels ride
Big with the hope of the approaching Tide:
Make them more help from our Remisness find,
Than from the Tide, or from the Eastern Wind.
Their Canvas swelling with a prosp'rous gale,
Swift as our fears make them to *Chattam* sail: (way,
Through our weak Chain their Fireships break their
And our Great Ships (unman'd) become their prey:
Bury those Bulwarks of our Isle in smoak,
While their thick flames the neighbring Country choak.
The *Charles* escapes the raging Element,
To be with triumph into *Holland* sent;
Where the glad People to the shore resort;
To see their Terror now become their Sport.
But Painter, fill not up thy Peece before
Thou Paint'st Confusion on our troubled shore,
Draw th' injur'd Seamen deaf to all command.
While some with horrour and amazement stand,

Others will know no Enemy but they
Who have unjuſtly robb'd them of their pay:
Boldly refuſing to oppoſe a fire,
To kindle which our Errors did conſpire:
Some (though but few) perſwaded to obey,
Uſeleſs for want of Ammunition ſtay:
The Forts deſign'd to guard our Ships of War,
Void both of Powder and of Bullets are:
Surpaſſing *Chattam*, make *Whitehall* appear,
If not in danger, yet at leaſt in fear.
Make our dejection (if thou canſt) ſeem more
Than our pride, ſloth, and ign'rance did before:
Our States-Men finding no expedient,
(If fear of danger) but a Parliament,
Twice would avoid by clapping up a Peace;
The Cure's to them as bad as the Diſeaſe:
But Painter, end not, till it does appear
Which moſt, the Dutch or Parliament they fear.

DIRE-

Directions

TO A

PAINTER.

PAinter, Where wast thy former Work did cease?
Oh 'twas at *Parliament*, and the brave *Peace!*
Now for a *Cornucopia*: Peace all know
Brings *Plenty* with it: wish it be not *Woe.*
Draw Coats of *Pageantry*, and Proclamations
Of *Peace*, concluded with one, two, three Nations:
Canst thou not on the Change make Merchants grin
Like outward smiles, whiles vexing thoughts within?
Thou art no Artist, if thou canst not faign,
And counterfeit the counterfeit disdain.
Draw a brave Standard, rustling at a rate
Much other than it did for *Chatham's* fate.

The *Tow'r Guns* too, thundering their Joys, that they
Have ſcap'd the danger of being ta'en away:
Theſe, as now mann'd, for triumph are, not fight;
As painted fire for ſhow, not heat or light.
Among'ſt the Roar of theſe, and the mad ſhout
Of a poor nothing-underſtanding Rout,
That think the *On and Off-Peace* now is true,
Thou might'ſt draw Mourners for *Black Bartholmew*:
Mourners in *Sion*! Oh 'tis not to be
Diſcover'd; draw a Curtain curt'ſy
To hide them. Now proceed to draw at night
A Bonfire here and there; but none too bright,
Nor laſting: for 'twas *Bruſhwood*, as they ſay,
Which they that hop'd for Coals now flung away.
But ſtay, I had forgot my Mother: Draw
The Church of England 'mongſt thy *Opera*,
To play their part too, or the Dutch will ſay
In *War* and *Peace* they 've born the Bells away.
At this end then, two or three Steeples ringing,
At th' other end draw *Quires*, *Te Deum* ſinging;
Between them leave a ſpace for Tears: Remember
That 'tis not long to th' Second of *September*.
Now if thou skill'ſt proſpective Landskip, draw
At diſtance what perhaps thine Eyes ne'er ſaw:
Polyroon, *Spicy Iſlands*, *Kits*, or *Guiney*;
Syrrinam Nova Scotia, or *Virginia*.
No, no; I mean not theſe; pray hold your laughter;
Theſe things are far off, not worth looking after:
Give not a hint of theſe: Draw Highland Lowland,
Mountains and Flats: Draw *Scotland* firſt, then *Holland*.
See, canſt thou ken the Scots frowns? Then draw thoſe
That ſomething had to get, but nought to loſe.
Canſt thou through fogs diſcern the *Dutchmen* drink?
Buſs-Skippers, lately Capers, ſtamp to think

Their

Their Catching-craft is over: ſome have ta'en,
To eke their Warrant a Warrant from the *Dane*.
But paſſing theſe their Stateſmen view a while,
In ev'ry graver Countenance a ſmile:
Copy the piece there done, wherein you'l ſee
One laughing out, *I told you how't would be!*
Draw next a pompous Interchange of Seals;
But curs'd be he that Articles reveals
Before he knows them; now for this take light
From him that did deſcribe Sir *Edward*'s fight:
You may perhaps the truth on't doubt; what tho;
You'l have it then *Cum Privilegio*.
Then dravv our Lords Commiſſioners advance,
Not homevvards, but for *Flanders* or for *France*;
There to parlier a vvhile, until they ſee
Hovv things in Parliament reſented be.
So much for Peace. Novv for a Parliament;
A petty Seſſion dravv: With vvhat content,
Gueſs by their countenance vvho came up poſt,
And quickly ſavv they had their labour loſt:
Like the ſmall Merchants vvhen they Bargains ſell;
Come hither *Jack*: What ſay? Come kiſs: farevvel.
But 'tvvas abortive, born before its day;
No vvonder then it dy'd ſo ſoon avvay.
Yet breath'd it once, and that vvith ſuch a force,
It blaſted Thirty Thouſand Foot and Horſe.
As once *Prometheus* man did ſneez ſo hard,
As routed all that nevv rais'd ſtanding Guard
Of Teeth, to keep the Tongue in order: So
Dovvn fall our Nevv Gallants vvithout a Foe.
But if this little one could do ſo much,
What vvill the next? Give a Prophetick touch,
If thou knovv hovv; if not, leave a great ſpace,
For great things to be pourtray'd in their place.

Now draw the ſhadow of a Parliament,
As if to ſcare the upper World 'twere ſent:
Croſs your ſelves Gentlemen, for ſhades will fright,
Eſpecially if't be an Engliſh Sprite:
Vermilion this mans guilt, ceruſe his fears;
Sink th' others Eyes deep in his Head with cares:
Another thought ſome on Accounts, to ſee
How his Diſburſements with Receipts agree.
Peep into Coaches, ſee Perriwigs neglected,
Croſs'd arms and legs of ſuch as are ſuſpected,
Or do ſuſpect what's coming and foreſee
Themſelves muſt ſhare in this Polutrophy.
Painter, haſt travell'd? Did'ſt thou e'er ſee *Rome*?
That fam'd piece there, *Angelo*'s Day of Doom?
Horrors and anguiſh of Deſcenders there,
May teach thee how to paint Deſcenders here.
Canſt thou deſcribe the empty ſhifts are made,
Like that which Dealers call, *Forcing of Trade*?
Some ſhift their Crimes, ſome Places; and among
The reſt, ſome will their Countreys too ere long.
Draw in a corner Gameſters, ſhuffling, cutting,
Their little crafts no wit together putting:
How to pack Knaves 'mong Kings and Queens, to make
A ſaving Game, whilſt Heads are at the ſtake:
But croſs their Cards, until it be confeſt,
Of all the play, fair dealing is the beſt.
Draw a Veil of Diſpleaſure, one to *Hide*,
And ſome prepar'd to ſtrike a blow on's ſide.
Let him that built high, now creep low to ſhelter,
When Porentates muſt tumble, *Helter Skelter*.
The Purſe, Seal, Mace, are gone, as it was fit;
Such Marks as theſe could not chuſe but be hit:
The Purſe, Seal, Mace, are gone; *Bartholmew*-day,
Of all the days i'th' year, they 're ta'n away.

The

The Purſe, Seal, Mace are gone, but to another
Mitre; I wiſh not ſo, though to my Brother:
I care not for Tranſlation to a See,
Unleſs they would tranſlate to *Italy*.
Now draw a Sail plying before the wind,
From the North-Weſt; that which it leaves behind,
Curſes or out-cries, mind them not, till when
They do appear Realities, and then
Spare not to paint them in their Colours, though
Crimes of a *Viceroy*: *Deputies* have ſo
Been ſerv'd e're now. But if the Man prove true,
Let him, with *Pharaoh*'s *Butler*, have his due.
Make the ſame wind blow ſtrong againſt the ſhore
Of *France*, to hinder ſome from coming o'er.
And rather draw the Golden Veſſel burning,
Even there, than hither with her fraught returning.
'Tis true the Noble Treaſurer is gone:
Wiſe, faithful, loyal; ſome ſay th' onely one:
Yet I will hope we'ave Pilots left behind
Can ſteer our Veſſels without Southern Wind.

Women have groſly ſnar'd the wiſeſt Prince
That ever was before, or hath been ſince:
And Granham *Athaliah* in that Nation,
Was a great hinderer of Reformation.
Paint in a new Piece painted *Jezabel*;
Giv't to adorn the Dining Room of Hell:
Hang by her others of the Gang; for more
Deſerve a place with *Roſamond*, *Jane Shore*, &c.

Stay, Painter; now look here's below a ſpace,
I' th' bottom of all this, what ſhall we place?
Shall it be *Pope*, or *Turk*, or *Prince*, or *Nun*?
Let the Reſolve write *Neſcio*. So have done.

Expoſe

Expose thy Piece now to the world to see:
Perhaps they'l say of It, of Thee, of Me;

Poems and Paints can speak sometimes Bold Truths,
Poets and Painters are Licentious Youths.

Clarin-

Clarindon

HIS

HOUSE-WARMING.

WHen *Clarindon* had diſcern'd beforehand
(As the Cauſe can eas'ly foretel the Effect)
At once three Deluges threatning our (Land?
'Twas the ſeaſon he thought to turn Architect,

Us *Mars*, and *Apollo*, and *Vulcan* conſume;
While he the Betrayer of *England*, and *Flander*,
Like the King-fiſher chuſeth to build in the Broom,
And neſtles in flames like the Salamander.

But obſerving that Mortals run often behind,
(So unreaſonable are the rates they buy-at)
His Omnipotence therefore much rather deſign'd
How he might create a houſe with a *Fiat*.

He

He had read of *Rhodope*, a Lady of *Thrace*,
Who was dig'd up ſo often ere ſhe did marry;
And wiſh'd that his Daughter had had as much grace
To erect him a pyramid out of her Quarry.

But then recollecting how the Harper *Amphyon*
Made *Thebes* dance aloft while he fidled and ſung,
He thought (as an Inſtrument he was moſt free on)
To build with the Jews-trump of his own tongue.

Yet a Preſident fitter in *Virgil* he found,
Of *African Poultney*, and *Tyrian Dide*,
That he begg'd for a Pallace ſo much of his ground,
As might carry the meaſure and name of an *Hyde*.

Thus dayly his Gouty Inventions he pain'd,
And all for to ſave the expences of Brickbat,
That Engine ſo fatal, which *Denham* had brain'd,
And too much reſembled his Wives Chocolatte.

But while theſe devices he all doth compare,
None ſolid enough ſeem'd for his ſtrong *Caſtor*;
He himſelf would not dwell in a Caſtle of air,
Though he had built full many a one for his Maſter

Already he had got all our Money and Cattel.
To buy us for Slaves, and purchaſe our Lands;
What *Joſeph* by Famine, he wrought by Sea-Battel;
Nay ſcarce the Prieſts portion could ſcape from his (hands.

And hence like *Pharaoh* that *Iſrael* preſt
To make Mortar and Brick, yet allow'd them no ſtraw,
He car'd not though *Egypt*'s Ten Plagues us diſtreſt,
So he could to build but make Policy Law.

The

The *Scotch* Forts and *Dunkirk* but that they were ſold.
He would have demoliſht to raiſe up his Walls;
Nay ev'n from *Tangier* have ſent back for the mold,
But that he had nearer the Stones of S. *Pauls*.

His Wood would come in at the eaſier rate,
So long as the Yards had a Deal or a Spar:
His Friend in the Navy would not be ingrate,
To grudge him ſome Timber who fram'd him the War.

To proceed in the Model he call'd in his *Allons*,
The two *Allons* when jovial, vvho ply him vvith gal-
(lons.
The tvvo *Allons* vvho ſerve his blind Juſtice for ballance,
The tvvo *Allons* vvho ſerve his Injuſtice for Tallons.

They approve it thus far, and ſaid it was fine;
Yet his Lordſhip to finiſh it vvould be unable;
Unleſs all abroad he divulg'd the deſign,
For his Houſe then vvould grovv like a Vegetable.

His Rent vvould no more in arrear run to *Worſter*;
He ſhould dvvel more noble, and cheap too at home,
While into a fabrick the Preſents vvould muſter;
As by hook and by crook the World cluſter'd of A-
(tome

He lik'd the advice, and then ſoon it aſſay'd,
And Preſents croud headlong, to give good example:
So the Bribes overlaid her that *Rome* once betray'd:
The Tribes ne'er contributed ſo to the Temple.

Straight

Straight Judges, Priests, Bishops, true sons of the Seal;
Sinners, Governours, Farmers, Banquers, Patentees.
Bring in the whole Mite of a year at a meal, (Cheese,
As the Chodder Clubs Dairy to the incorporate

Bulteales, *Beakns*, *Morley*, *Wrens* fingers with telling
Were shriveled, and *Clutterbuck*, *Eagers* and *Kips*;
Since the Act of Oblivion was never such selling,
As at this Benevolence out of the Snips.

'Twas then that Chimny-Contractors he smoak'd,
Nor would take his beloved Canary in kind:
But he swore that the Patent should ne'er be revok'd,
No, would the whole Parliament kiss him behind.

Like *Jove* under *Ætna* o'erwhelming the Gyant;
For foundation the *Bristol* sunk in the Earth's bowel;
And *St. John* must now for the Leads be compliant,
Or his right hand shall also be cut off with the Trowel.

For surveying the buildiug, *Prat* did the fear;
But for the expence he rely'd upon *Worstenholm*,
Who sate heretofore at the Kings Receipt;
But receiv'd now and paid the Chancellours Custome.

By Subsidies thus both Clerick and Laick,
And with matter profane, cemented with holy:
He finish'd at last his Palace Mosaick,
By a Model more excellent than *Lesly*'s Folly.

And upon the *Tarrui*, to consumate all,
A Lanthorn, like *Faux*'s surveys the burnt Town,
And shews on the top by the Regal Gilt Ball,
Where you are to expect the Scepter and Crown.

Fond

Fond City, its Rubbiſh and Ruines that builds,
Like vain Chymiſts, a flower from its aſhes returning,
Your Metropolis Houſe is in S. *James*'s Fields,
And till there you remove, you ſhall never leave burn-
(ing

This Temple, of War and of Peace is the Shrine;
Where this Idol of State ſits ador'd and accurſt
And to hanſel his Altar and Noſtrils divine,
Great *Buckingham*'s Sacrifice muſt be the firſt.

Now ſome (as all Builders muſt cenſure abide)
Throw duſt in its Front, and blame ſituation:
And others as much reprehend his Back-ſide,
As too narrow by far for his expatiation.

But do not conſider how in proceſs of times,
That for Name-ſake he may with *Hyde* Park it en-
(large,
And with that convenience he ſoon for his Crimes,
At *Tyburne* may land, and ſpare the Tower Barge.

Or rather how wiſely his Stall was built near,
Leſt with driving too far his Tallow impair:
When like the good Oxe, for publick good chear,
He comes to be roaſted next S. *James*'s Fair.

Upon

Upon his House.

HEre lies the sacred Bones
Of Paul *beguiled of his Stones,*
Here lie Golden Briberies,
The price of ruin'd Families:
The Cavaliers Debenter Wall,
Fixt on an Eccentrick Basis;
Here's Dunkirk-Town *and* Tangier-Hall,
The Queens Marriage and all;
The Dutch man's Templum Pacis.

Upon his Grand-Children.

KEndal in deed, and Cambridge riding post?
What fitter Sacrifice for Denham's Ghost?

FINIS.